VERSES

ON THE

DEATH

Of Her late Moſt Excellent MAJESTY

Queen *CAROLINE.*

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Of Her late Moſt Excellent MAJESTY

Queen *CAROLINE*,

Of Bleſſed Memory;

Who departed this Life, *Novemb.* 20. MDCCXXXVII.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene------ HOR.

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VERSES

On the DEATH of Her MAJESTY

Queen *CAROLINE.*

MUSE, bid the Verſe in plaintive Numbers flow:
Say, whence this Scene of univerſal Woe?
Why mourns the Sovereign? mourn the Royal Line?
And Nations undiſſembled Sorrows join?
See there, extended on the *Bed of State,*
All that remains----of *once* ſo Good and Great!
With ſolemn Splendor, in the *ſable* Room,
See CAROLINA waiting for the Tomb!
'Tis thus the POW'R, Heav'n, Earth, and Seas muſt own,
Exerts his Sway, and vindicates his Throne;
Thus ſhews the Vanity of mortal Truſt,
Marks the weak Prop, and blows it into Duſt.

O Night of Horror, when the Hand of Death
From that kind Boſom preſs'd the ſtruggling Breath!
In Shades eternal ſeal'd thoſe ſmiling Eyes,
Which ſhin'd and cheriſh'd like the vernal Skies!
See! at Heav'n's Foot the trembling Monarch ſues,
And, bath'd in Tears his tender Offspring ſhews:
Hear Widows, Orphans raiſe their pow'rful Cry;
And the Poor's ardent Bleſſing pierce the Sky;
All *Britain*'s Pray'rs the gracious Throne aſſail;
Not all to ſtop th' impending Blow prevail.
May *that dark Hour*, revolving with the Year,
Sacred to Grief, the ſad Memorial bear;
Nor Dance, nor Song, nor Muſick's ſprightly Voice
The penſive, melancholy Scene rejoice.

GREAT CÆSAR, how thy mighty Soul's diſtreſs'd!
And all the Hero ſtaggers in thy Breaſt!
Heav'n to ſevereſt Proof thy Virtue calls,
'Twas Heav'n decreed----- and CAROLINA falls.
Greatly ſhe fell! with brave yet humble Mind,
In Suff'rings conſtant, and in Death reſign'd;

On

On either World ſerenely caſt her Eye,
That view'd with Joy, *This* left without a Sigh.
Thus clos'd a Life (too ſtrait its Bound of Time!)
In *Act* throughout, as in its *Sphere*, ſublime:
A *radiant Courſe* of Wiſdom void of Art,
Of Knowledge that enlarg'd not ſwell'd the Heart;
Of Zeal Life's num'rous Evils to redreſs,
And pour the *ſecret* Bleſſing on Diſtreſs;
Of tend'reſt Care through Nature's Bonds confeſs'd,
And gen'rous Toils to make whole Nations bleſs'd.
'Tis paſt----'tis finiſh'd well, whate'er was ow'd
Her Children, CÆSAR, *Britain*, and her GOD.

BEGIN the *Rites*, the Forms of Grief prepare:
The Tapers glimmer in the Midnight Air,
In long Succeſſion ſlowly-paſſing ſee
Dejected, drooping, *Honour*'s each Degree,
Each Rank of *Truſt* or *Power!* the *royal Bier*
Advancing draws from ev'ry Eye the Tear:
The Funeral deepens, and the Sorrows grow,
And ſoft AMELIA crowns th' illuſtrious Woe.

FAIR Mourner, in Affliction not alone!
Thro' all th' imperial Offspring ſpreads the Groan.
No more a Mother's ever-waking Fears
Attend your Growth, and guard your op'ning Years:
No more the *Precept*, dropp'd with gentle Skill,
Quickens to Virtue, and diſſuades from Ill;
Nor (to the Height of great *Example* wrought)
The living Moral and well-acted Thought.
Oh! keep the Manners, live the Precept o'er,
And be what CAROLINA was before.

LO! the *Corps* enters the illumin'd Fane,
The ſolemn *Chorus* burſts amid the Train,
O'er all the Dome the ſwelling Anthem floats,
All the Dome eccho's the complaining Notes.
Open, ye awful Chambers of the Dead,
Where Princes ſlumber on a peaceful Bed!
Open, thou Grave, receive the precious Truſt,
Heav'n gives thee Charge of CAROLINA's Duſt.
And muſt *thoſe Charms* refreſh our Sight no more?
Oh that the *Pencil* cou'd their Pow'r reſtore!

Or *Marble* from the Grave that *Face* retrieve,
And ſtill the *pleaſing Form* in *Sculpture* live!
But *nobler Life* the *bleſſed Fame* demands,
Ingrav'd on ev'ry *Britiſh* Heart it ſtands:
From Sire to Son, Tradition's fav'rite Theme,
While Time ſhall roll his lateſt-flowing Stream;
While Freedom and the *Brunſwic* Name are dear,
Or Truth and Virtue yet ſhall linger *here*.

To

To the KING.

BEND, gracious Sovereign, bend the willing Ear,
Comfort's ſoft Words and Speech aſſuaging bear:
How long ſhall Grief on thy dear Boſom prey?
And *Britain* fear another fatal Day?
All Eyes on thee their ſad Obſervance turn:
All Eyes ſhall weep till thine forget to mourn.
Permit Religion's Voice to calm thy Soul,
And let the *Will ſupreme* thy Will controul.
Patience a noble Triumph will afford,
It wins more Glory than the conqu'ring Sword:
'Twill reap thee Laurels to adorn thy Brow,
When thou ſhalt be what CAROLINE is now.
But long may Heav'n that Happineſs deny,
Oh! long ſeclude thee from thy Seat on high,
Ere full of Days, thou welcome friendly Death,
And Pray'rs for *Britain* ſpend thy lateſt Breath.

AN

EPITAPH

ON THE

QUEEN.

HERE lies, lamented by the Poor and Great,
(Prop of the Church, and Glory of the State)
A Woman, late a mighty Monarch's Queen,
Above all Flatt'ry, and above all Spleen,
Lov'd by the Good, and hated by the Evil;
Purſu'd, now *dead*, by *Satire* and the Devil:
With ſteadfaſt Zeal (which kindled in her Youth)
A Foe to Bigotry, a Friend to Truth;
Too gen'rous for the Luſt of lawleſs Rule,
Nor Perſecution's, nor Oppreſſion's Tool,
In LOCKE'S, in CLARKE'S, in HOADLEY'S Paths ſhe trod:
Nor fear'd to follow where *they* follow'd God.

To all obliging, and to all ſincere,
Wiſe to chuſe Friendſhips, firm to perſevere,
Free without Rudeneſs, great without Diſdain;
An Hypocrite in nought but *hiding Pain:*
To Courts ſhe taught the Rules of * juſt Expence
Join'd with Oeconomy, Magnificence:
Attentive to a Kingdom's vaſt Affairs,
Attentive to the meaneſt Mortal's Cares;
Profuſion might conſume, or Av'rice hoard,
'Twas her's to feed, unknown, the ſcanty Board.
Thus, of each human Excellence poſſeſs'd,
With as few Faults as e'er attend the beſt;
Dear to her Lord, to *all* her Children dear;
And (to the laſt her Thought, her Conſcience clear)
Forgiving *all*, forgiven and approv'd,
To peaceful Worlds her peaceful Soul remov'd.

* *Vid. Mr.* Pope's *Epiſtle to Lord* Bathurſt, *l.* 223.

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F I N I S.